

University Missourian

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UNIVERSITY CALENDAR

- Apr. 15. The Political Outlook in Russia, Dr. Isidor Loeb.
Apr. 17. Interstate debate with Kansas at Columbia.
Apr. 22. Lecture by Hamilton Holt, managing editor of the "Independent."
Apr. 22. The Church Outlook in Russia, Rev. M. A. Hart.
Apr. 23. Interstate debate with Colorado at Columbia.
Apr. 29. How far do the Teachings of Socrates, Confucius, Buddha and Mohammed Agree with the Sermon on the Mount, Dr. W. J. Lhamon.

THE ULTIMATE GOOD.

What will be probably the last Indian uprising which the United States will ever be forced to deal with has been suppressed, some of the insurgents killed and others imprisoned. The entire force has been scattered and only the old chief, Crazy Snake, has not been accounted for. Some think he is hiding still, but there is excellent ground for the belief that his body has already begun to wither, hidden under a brush pile in some dark ravine. With him has died the last spark of the fire of hatred and resistance which for so many years made the conquest of the West hazardous.

Only in this one last breath there has been a dream of the Red man coming back into his own. A wild, insane dream it was; no wonder they called him Crazy Snake. That a handful of men, scarcely numbering in the thousands, could convert great cities into silent, deserted ruins; could convert transcontinental railways into transcontinental grass-grown mounds, streaked with lines of rusty steel; could convert woods wedded with the lines of the white man's march into dense forests, wherein the deer mates with the doe unmolested by the crack of the rifle; that fair acres of corn and wheat would be trampled under the feet of the buffalo herds which had again come into their own; that all these things could be brought to pass was the frenzied dream of a man who though crazy must have felt that he would be aided by the great spirit, by a man who must have felt that his cause was just. Was Crazy Snake entitled to the great domain of which sheer force alone deprived him?

No, for the ultimate good is the good which benefits the entire genus of man, not the good which benefits the individual or even the race. The mills of the gods do grind slowly, but they do not grind exceeding fine. Their work is often more crude than the work of man himself. What would be more crude, more cruel, than the having of one race of men exterminate another, less wily, less deceitful, less civilized? But this was the method which the mills of the gods employed and criticize the method as you will, be sure that the end accomplished was a wise one, that it was all for the ultimate good.

SOME ARE GLOOMY—SOME JOYFUL.

Some people's spirits seem always under a ban. They are inclined to the darker side of life and go around with a face as long as a yard stick, and with about as much expression. They are looking for "something to happen" whenever they see other persons enjoying themselves and say: "What's the use of all this?"

Sorry that they are living, is their whole attitude. These people never do any serious harm, never make any warm friends, but die that all life is a failure. They die and the mourners are few.

Then there are those who laugh at worry. They have their troubles but keep them to themselves and help others to forget theirs. They take a little ray of sunshine with them on a cold, bleak morning and make someone glad. Their face is a map of joy. These are the people who succeed in life and get more out of it than they put in. They walk upward to the top rung by the good will and joy of their friends. They keep up a semblance to the last.

It is seldom that the solemn, sullen one reaches the goal. Always the merry one, for he has all the support of many friends who help him push to the front. There is strength in the soul that laughs; the gloomy soul shrieks backward into its shell.

VIEWPOINTS

(The University Missourian invites contributions, not to exceed 200 words, on matters of University interest. The name of the writer should accompany such letters, but will not be printed unless desired. The University Missourian does not express approval nor disapproval of these communications by printing them.)

Student Idol, or Grind?

To the Editor of the University Missourian:
To a man just entering college the question as to how he shall best take advantage of the years he is to spend there is the all-important one. Shall he devote all his time to study with the end in view of making phenomenal grades and being elected to Phi Beta Kappa, or some other honorary fraternity; or shall he make his studies one of the things to be done in college and engage spiritedly in student activities?

He should not go to either extreme. In the first place, he should never be a "grind." This class of student is more or less ostracized by his fellows and his position is not an enviable one. Then the "grind" does not usually make a success in business after he has finished his college course. He has the book knowledge, but his knowledge of his fellow men and how to conduct himself when in the presence of others is woefully deficient. He did not cultivate this while in school—all of his time was spent at the study table, reading classics and drawing pictures of Phi Beta Kappa keys, the coveted prize for which he sought. But a Phi Beta Kappa key will buy him nothing. Just because an Arab has no teeth is no sign that he speaks good Arabic. So, just because a man has one of these scholastic keys dangling on his watch fob, is no indication that he is a level-headed business man. No one should pursue his studies so diligently that he forgets everything else.

Now about the student activities. One should not neglect his studies with the end in view of making himself the idol of the student body and "the most popular man." As is the case with the grind, the most popular man in college may be the most despised in after life. He has gone to the other extreme. He has neglected studies in the effort to gain a knowledge of his fellow man. And when he gets into business and finds that there others do not bow down to him and seek his companionship, as his fellow students did, he will be sadly disappointed in himself. His little hour of pomp and strutting is over and he finds that he must begin again.

A happy medium between these two can be struck to good advantage. Studies can be pursued to the extent of getting one's lessons to one's own satisfaction. Never try to study as much as the professors expect you to—you would not have time even for food or sleep if you attempted that. Study at the proper time and occupy the rest of your time in mixing with your fellow students and engaging in those activities which appeal to you. A grind is abominable; and a popularity seeker is, perhaps, almost as bad.

VAUGHN BRYANT.

Writing That Is Wrong.

To the Editor of the University Missourian:
Brown University recently suspended twenty-eight freshmen for "cribbling." Nothing is said of the upper classmen who wrote the themes, except that one senior will lose a profitable business.

This form of dishonesty is more common than other cheating and harder to discover. Only a few persons are caught in an ordinary school year. Something must have stirred up Brown University. A few years ago, the University of Missouri made some examples of this kind of dishonesty. A freshman, a junior and a sophomore handed in the same theme to different teachers. The freshman got "A," the sophomore got "B" and the junior got "C" and they all got suspended.

In most cases obliging upper classmen encourage this laziness and dishonesty by lending the freshmen their old themes. The freshmen are plastic and very susceptible to suggestion.

The University of Chicago keeps all of a student's old themes until he is graduated. Most students do not find them so convenient to lend if they are on file. When a student is expelled for this offense he ought certainly not be allowed to sneak away unnoticed. Let the papers and especially the student publications advertise it.

Brown has set an example to the University world.

JUNIOR.

Just "The Old Columns."

To the Editor of the University Missourian:
The typographical error in Wednesday's Missourian in regard to the number of columns on the campus, might be explained that on the spur of the moment, a class in psychology was almost equally divided in regard to the number of columns last year. The professor suddenly asked the class the number of columns on the campus, and was answered all the way from five to seven. The only way the writer can be sure of the number is that the words FARMER, MEDICAL, and ACADEM just fit, with one letter for each column. The old columns are such familiar objects to us, that they strike us as a whole, not as separate pillars of stone, and we don't think to count them. They are our old friends. "The Old Columns," not six shafts of limestone. Who ever thought to count them?

JUNIOR.

AN INCIPIENT STUDENT REBELLION

THE students of the Princeton theological seminary, which has been styled the bulwark of Presbyterian orthodoxy in North America, are up in arms. They issued a manifesto, directed to the board of trustees, asking that the curriculum be revised to include courses in sociology and the practical problems that confront the pastor of a church in his "care of souls." They intimated, further, that a great many of the lectures delivered by the members of the faculty were needlessly involved and obscure, and, therefore, difficult to assimilate. They asked for more direct and simple expository methods, and plain speaking instead of the "inkhorn terms" of which the old Scotch rhetorician Wilson complained two centuries ago. Especially were the petitioners aggrieved by the obscurity, it was the observation, of the course of lectures on "Theism," delivered by Dr. Francis Lindley Patton, president of the seminary, formerly president of the university, and a man of luminous reputation as a philosopher and pulpit orator.

Dr. Patton has met the incipient rebellion with firm-handed authority. He says it is no concern of the students to prescribe the matter or the manner of the lectures they "sit under." He considers their petition an amazing impertinence, and says that if they do not want to attend the seminary, or his lectures on theism, they are under no statutory obligation to do so. The seminary can get along without them. The courses are hard, it is true, but they are essential. The study of the New Testament possibilities, a knowledge of the Greek tongue, and for the course in biblical philosophy is just a prerequisite.

The students at Yale used to complain of Dr. Ladd's philosophical profundity. They said he wrote a textbook in his subject which the deity, one German professor, and Dr. Ladd himself understood followed it up with one which the deity and Dr. Ladd understood, and now at last had written one which only Dr. Ladd could understand. But the Yale men never went to the lengths of these during Princetonians. They never prescribed the kind of intellectual pabulum that should be fed to them. If they found that their philosophers, as Wordsworth said of the poet Spenser, moved through a clouded heaven, they did not complain to the overseers about it. They stood bravely up to the polysyllables, heroically wrestled with the metaphysical abstractions, and looked wise, even though they were not, in the lecture room.

An old lady said to a famous Philadelphia pastor: "Doctor, what is the first duty of the pastor of the flock?" "To feed the sheep, madam." "Then, doctor, he ought not to put the hay so high the sheep cannot get at it."

It is not easy to make abstruse and complicated matters clear to every one. There are ten teachers who know, for every one that can teach. Some of the most learned savants have not succeeded in imparting their learning. Prof. Peirce of Harvard used to say that a college professor was lucky if he had one pupil who really understood and followed him. Given the teacher who is capable of making a clear, expository statement, there must be also a recipient capacity in the listener. As Thoreau said so wisely, "It takes two to speak the truth, one to speak the truth and one to hear it." The arbitrary suppression of the intellectual insurrection at the Princeton seminary has side-stepped, instead of solving, an interesting problem. — Philadelphia Public Ledger.

IN COLUMBIA FORTY YEARS AGO

(From old Newspaper Files.)

The North Missouri railroad had made arrangements whereby passengers may purchase 1,000-mile tickets for \$25. This reduces travel to half fare.

Mrs. Patrick Lawler has appeared before Justice Keating and sued out a replevin to recover possession of a goose valued at \$1, which, she alleges, was taken possession of and cooped by Mrs. William Hertz.

Professor Brown has been giving us some exhibitions in legendein with illustrations from Dante's "Inferno." The latter is very interesting and raises the performance far above the level of humbuggery, which nine times out of ten characterizes exhibitions of this sort.

The members of the Columbia sidewalk association and the staring statues which ornament our city at sundry times and places are requested to give careful attention to the following hint, inserted at the request of a large number of the young ladies of the city:

"Standing on the sidewalk,
Smoking my cigar,
Nothing under Heaven,
My delight can mar,
Staring at the ladies,
Surely, what a treat,
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Loafing on the street."

OF MISSOURI AND MISSOURIANS

Forest fires did extensive damage last week in the counties of Dallas, Oregon, Howell, Wright and Texas.

A state organization for the purpose of bettering cemetery grounds throughout the state was formed at Boonville last week.

A flour storage house in Mexico belonging to the William Pollack Milling company was damaged by fire Saturday night to the extent of \$8,000.

Snow fell the greater part of Monday at Chillicothe. At 6 p. m. the temperature was at freezing. Many fear the fruit crop in that section of the state was seriously damaged.

Thirteen petitions for the submission of the statewide prohibition amendment to a vote of the people were presented to the Missouri legislature Monday from as many counties. One was presented from the city of St. Louis.

Many pigs, lambs and some poultry have been killed recently in the country near Marshall by a pack of gray wolves which infest the woods east of that city. One farmer lost twenty-eight pigs. Efforts are being made to trap the wolves. One man killed an old wolf and captured five young ones.

SWINBURNE

As when a hush lies on the wind-swept strings

Of an aeolian harp whose marvel strains

Have given us dim dreams of gods and things,

Of songs, and sighs, and laughing loves, and pains;

As when that silence comes, and we look up

And ask ourselves what it is that is gone,

So is it now that he has drained the cup

Of life to its last drop, and journey on.

The songs are ended; all the swaying sounds,

The words that flamed in living tint and hue,

The dancing rhythms that whirled their magic rounds!

The madness of all melody he knew; It was not words he blent into his lines

For when he wrote of fields and flowers fair

Forsooth we saw the dew-kissed columbines

And radiant roses proudly nodding there.

Not of today was he this man who wrought

All cunningly in words until his page Was an illumined arabesque of thought

Found in some stately, misty, lovely age

That he had patiently brought into form

In a melodic language so intense

That sea and shore, and sunshine and wild storm,

And day and night swept in upon the sense.

As when a hush lies on aeolian strings,

And blossoms do not answer to the breeze,

No grasses whisper softly, no bird sings

Nor comes the solemn humming of the bees,

But just a sudden silence hushes us

Until we mutely wonder what is gone

So is it now that he who swayed us thus

Has left his sheaf of songs, and journeyed on.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit.

In the Chicago Evening Post.

The Chinese Almanac.

The Chinese almanac is the most largely circulated publication in the world, the copies printed and sold yearly reaching several millions. It is printed at Peking and is a monopoly of the emperor, no other almanac being permitted to be sold in that country. Although containing reliable astronomical information, its chief mission is to give full and accurate information for selecting lucky places for performing all the acts, great and small, of everyday life. And as every act of life in China, however trivial, depends for its success on the time in which and the direction (point of compass) toward which it is done it is of the utmost importance that everyone should have correct information at all times available to enable him so to order his life as to avoid bad luck and calamity and secure good luck and prosperity. So great is the native faith in its infallibility that not long since the Chinese minister to Germany refused to sail on a day which had been appointed because it was declared in the almanac to be unlucky. —New York Herald.

The Baffling Language.

It is difficult to understand why German should be so difficult to translate. It is nearer akin to our tongue than French, yet French is frequently given in exquisite renderings, despite the fact that in the French tongue each word has a special and unique value. —Contemporary Review.

AN AUCTIONEER OF BOOKS

"As our old friend Pope remarked," said Mr. Flipkinton.

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien That to be hated needs but to be seen; But seen too oft, familiar with its face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

"It's much the same, in one respect at least, with book auctions; you may never intend to buy, but they will get you if you don't watch out."

"I always did like to go to book auctions, and I like to now just the same. I like the store with its walls lined with books to the ceiling, and with those signs around: 'Lives of the Poets,' and 'Josephus in twelve volumes,' and 'Macaulay in ten,' and 'Mrs. Gaskell's Complete Works,' and 'We will put up any book you select,' and that sort of thing. I like the auctioneer, always cool and always ready, knowing all about crushed bayonet, and turkey morocco and half Russia and full calf, and all about literature besides. You wonder at him as he calmly skips, if one can skip calmly, from book to book, to be never at a loss either as to its construction or its contents. He knows all history and all authors and his comments are illuminating and alluring."

"Now here we have," he says as he holds the book up to view, "Jones on 'Tent Life in Afghanistan,' bound in antique vellum and printed from clear, new type on hand made paper, deckled edges and full gilt top and fully illustrated—a beautiful volume, fit to grace any library, and the subject most interesting and here treated in a most fascinating manner. Few men have had a more varied career than Jones. He has traversed the wide earth in search of adventures and found them everywhere. He has written many books, but this is his masterpiece, the most interesting record of an experience unique in the annals of travel."

Always Gets a Purchaser.

"Then he rifles the pages and shows the pictures and talks about the book; not at great length, but to good purpose, for in a minute he finds a purchaser, and 'This gentleman here takes it,' he says, as he drops the book on the counter beside him to be wrapped."

"We shall now offer you, gentlemen," the auctioneer continues, as he places on the upturned box that serves him for a selling table a ponderous volume, "a book that should be in every household, 'The Anatomy of the Human Frame.' This book tells you how to get well if you are sick and how to avoid sickness. Its chapters are written by men all eminent in their profession and treat of all diseases, herbs and how to recognize and how to prepare them, of hygiene and ventilation. It is an expensive book, sold hitherto only by subscription, but it should be in every home. Now, how much am I bid for it?"

"He gets bids for it and he sells it. He doesn't get for it quite the price at which the book was published, not quite, but he lets it go. Then—there may have been an open space around in front of the auctioneer's stand where people had held a little aloof—then he pauses for a moment in his selling to say:

"Gentlemen, I have a little cold today and I should like it if you would close in a little more here in front, all come a little closer. It would be easier for me to talk to you then and you could hear me better."

"At that friendly invitation they do close in, where they can hear better and where perhaps the auctioneer can sell them more books, for one can talk more convincingly to a man at close

range than he can to one afar off, and then the auctioneer puts up another book and goes on talking.

His Stories Are Serious.

"No jokes; he is not here to make jokes; he is here to sell books; he may now and then tell a story, but it is likely to be of a serious turn, and it is always of a nature calculated to promote the sale of the book he is offering. The story may come when you least expect it, as for instance when he is offering a Bible."

"He holds this book up for a moment and announces it and then he lays it down upon his table and proceeds to tell—not a Bible story, but the story of a thrilling incident in a man's life in which to this man most unexpectedly a Bible figured; a story to which all the people in the auction room listen silently and intently. Then the auctioneer sells the Bible."

"If there is one regular thing here that strikes you more than another it is the readiness with which the auctioneer lets books go at far less than their nominal value. True, they are here to sell; but the prices at which they are sold may for all that surprise you if you forget for the moment with what marvellous facility and cheapness, by the aid of modern machinery, books are turned out."

"He brings out now all at once five slightly books, alike in printing and binding, but of as many different titles and by five widely known writers, books published, as he tells us, to sell at \$1.50 a volume, and holding up one of these books and again reading its title, he says:

But They Go for "a Quarter" Apiece.

"You all know the book, one of the most popular of this author's famous works. How much am I bid for it?"

"Fifteen cents," says one bidder.

"Twenty," says another.

"Twenty-five," says a third.

"Sold," says the auctioneer, tossing the book down to be wrapped up as he says it, and then he adds as he holds them up.

"Would some gentleman like any of the rest of these books at the same price?" and some gentleman would, and then in a jiffy the auctioneer sells the remaining three books; and then he says to his assistant:

"We have some more of these books. Bring out some more of them." There are produced a dozen more, which the auctioneer rests for a moment on his table, while he reads aloud their titles: "So and So by So and So," and "So and So by So and So," and as he reads people one after another reach up for them till he has sold of this bunch nine, making fourteen altogether sold in less than half as many minutes; and then at the moment when the demand for these books ceases he puts those remaining back on a shelf and passes on to something else.

"I love to drop into the book auction and stand around and see the people and see the auctioneer and hear him talk and see him sell books and see the people buy them; but this has always been just a little entertainment for me. I helped to swell the crowd, but I had never any thought of buying. But yesterday—we all have our weak moments, you know—yesterday I put up a book that I wanted, that I had long been intending to buy but simply hadn't, a book that I had long had on my list of books that I was going to buy some day, and—

"So I have fallen at last a victim to the wiles of the book auctioneer; and if you don't watch out he will get you, too, for he is an able man, and persuasive." —New York Sun.

THE MECHANICS OF LYING

Professor Munsterberg's lie detector seems to have been independently discovered at this late date in France. The Manchester Guardian remarks: According to the Journal des Debats, which has a keen appetite for the curiosities of science, two professors have invented a machine for the detection of lying. It is a ground for satisfaction that the Old and the New World have cooperated in this remarkable discovery. One of the inventors belongs to New York and the other to Zurich, and though these cities, with prudent modesty, may disclaim the credit of having furnished living laboratories ample enough for the necessarily elaborate experimentation, it is at least as well that neither Europe nor America can in this matter cast the first stone. The machine does not reveal lies, but lying; it is manifestly cautious as well as imperfect. It is based upon the principle that lying implies internal conflict—conflict between the thing uttered, or the resolution to utter it, and the knowledge of the truth. The professor's apparatus registers these battle shocks of the soul, and so far as one can see, a man need not even speak to register himself a liar. The machine is manifestly conscience's tribute to art. The true art conceals its own artfulness, and the true liar, in like manner, conceals his own lying. There is no conflict in such a man's soul; the lie slips out from him smoothly, easily, without friction or vibration. The ma-

chine can make nothing of him, for there is no discord or mental crash to detect. The perfect liar is as innocent to it as the perfect just man. If, therefore, the machine can be brought out at popular prices, we should see the art of lying rapidly pushed to perfection. The mere bungler, full of good will but with no natural talent for deceit, will betray himself at every turn, and incapable of persuading, will revert, a wiser and a better man, to the ways of truth. The really gifted liar will, on the other hand, be naturally selected, and he will be spurred on to perfection because only the smooth perfection of complete mastery will insure him security. And he will get his reward—the reward of perfect vice, which is to be taken for perfect virtue. —Boston Transcript.

Getting the Best of the Dogs.

In a certain part of Scotland, according to Dean Ramsey, the shepherds used to take their collies with them to church. The dogs behaved well during the sermon, but began to be restless during the last psalm and saluted the final blessing with joyful barks. In one church the congregation resolved to stop this unseemly detail; so, when a strange minister was about to pronounce the blessing, all remained seated, instead of rising as he expected. He hesitated and paused till an old shepherd cried:

"Say awa', sir; we're a' sittin' to cheat the dogs."